

Halo: The Alliance

by scout zero

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Summary: A few years after the Covenant is defeated, the HumanElite alliance is put to the test when an unknown race of religious fanatics attempt to destroy everything in sight, while ONI tries to disrupt the alliance once and for all. Please R&R!

1. The Beginning

Yes, this is a Halo story, but basically nothing from Halo is mentioned in the first chapter except ONI and Ackerson. This is intentional, and I will include more of the Halo story line in this story later.

****Disclaimer****: I do not own Halo or any Halo related characters and/or storylines, but I do own the mysterious race that will appear later on and the two farmers, Steve and Bob. All Halo stuff are owned by Bungie Studios and Microsoft Co.

_/Transmission from Unknown Region to Office of Naval Intelligence,
Earth, 2500, Send Recq._

Accept Transmission? Yes/No

Transmission Accepted. Downloading Dataâ€¦|

Receiving Incoming Transmissionâ€¦|

Stand Byâ€¦|

"_Greetings, Earth Warrior. I am Kaz'Thud Malzaar, Protector of the Arms, and I bring grave news to all of you on Earth and nearby systems. The Council of Concordance has decided to annihilate your region due to corrupt warfare and unruliness. You have seventeen days to comply. I warn you, if you rebel against our Holy decision, you

will bring death upon yourselves. Our fleet of warships are already surrounding your area, so do not think about escape. Take heed, Earth Warrior, we do not take kindly to retaliationâ€¦| "_

Officer Ted Hunts glared at the screen, sandwich wrapper crumbling to the ground. Who was this creep? Hunts typed into his keyboard, attempting to reply the transmission. Nothing happened. He banged on the keyboard with his fists. Still, nothing happened. This was trouble. ONI didn't take kindly to transmissions that didn't replay itself.

Frustrated, Hunts took it all out on his computer, ramming his fists into the screen and keyboard. Right on cue, First Officer Hal Grinwald chose that moment to step into the control room.

"What are you doing?" Grinwald quietly said.

Ted froze.

"There was this weird transmission. It played once, but I only got half of the words he said. Something about destroying Earth and all nearby planets, but I can't get it to play back-"

"Hold on. Something about destroying Earth? Was it from the Covenant?"

"Uh, I don't think so."

"I don't think so, sir." Grinwald corrected him.

Hunts grumbled something unintelligent. He didn't really like being corrected. Still, the transmission sounded serious, and Officer Ted Hunts, ONI Intelligence Officer, had only heard a part of it because of an important sandwich that required eating.

Hal glared at Hunts, but said nothing.

"Replay that transmission."

Both Grinwald and Hunts turned to see Captain Jonathan Apathy standing near the doorway, looking thoughtfully at the screen.

Jonathan Apathy was a corrupt leader at ONI. Possibly even more corrupt than Colonel James Ackerson. Apathy was the one who continued ONI's attacks against the Human-Elite alliance. Apathy was the one who killed one of his own confederates with a plasma weapon, just to frame the Elites. Apathy was the one who was notorious for going all out against the Covenant, willing to sacrifice anything just for victory. Apathy was the one who wanted all the glory for himself. Both Hal Grinwald and Ted Hunts disliked Apathy.

"What are all of you staring at? Replay the transmission." Apathy said.

Hunts opened his mouth and closed it again.

Apathy said louder, "Replay the damn transmission, nitwit, or do I have to sock you three times in the eye!"

Hunts opened his mouth, said nothing, and motioned to Grinwald.

Grinwald stuttered, "He can't replay the transmission."

Apathy glared at Hunts, "And why not?"

Hunts motioned to Grinwald again.

Grinwald explained, "Hunts can't replay the transmission because it was programmed to self-destruct after activated. And," Grinwald glared at poor Ted. "because Hunts here wasn't paying attention to half the transmission itself."

Apathy sighed.

Somewhere in the Middle Americas

Two farmers were drinking beer in the bed of their pickup truck, happily yakking away. They paid no attention to the bright light that hung in the night sky above them.

"My sis, she once wrestled down a cow." One farmer said, gulping down beer. "Yaw could've sworn she was takin' down a shootin' star! Yep, those were the good ol' days."

"If a shootin' star came down upon us, then I would call yer sisâ€|" the other farmer opened another bottle of beer.

Suddenly, the light in the sky grew bigger and bigger, until it crashed into a field nearby. The farmers just stared. One farmer threw away his bottle. The other farmer hopped off the truck and ran towards the crash site.

"I'm a gonna check it out. I'll be back!"

A minute later, the first farmer heard his companion's voice, faint.

"Steve! Steve! Get yer behind here! You will not believe this! Steve!"

Steve jumped out of the truck and ran towards the voice. When he reached there, he saw the farmer was bent down, looking down into a small crater. Steve walked up to the crater's rim and peered down.

"Oh my gawd, what the 'ell is _that_?"

Please R&R. I rarely get any reviews for my stories, so I feel left out. :(

2. Unknown

****My grandmother has issued strict rules for me. I have to exercise one hour to earn one hour of computer time, so I don't get much time to write anymore. I'll do my best to update this as much as I can.****

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Chapter 2: Unknown

Admiral Terrence Hood sighed. He was becoming old, weak of age. Hood picked up his pen and paused. His hand was shaking violently. That was new. His doctors hadn't said anything about violent shaking. Hood's eyes darted from side to side, and his hand automatically went from the table to his stomach, where he felt strange ooze. Hood brought up his still shaking hand to his eyes, and realized it was covered in blood. His eyes widened in horror.

"Hello, Admiral." A calm voice came from the doorway.

Hood looked up. Standing there was Jonathan Apathy. Hood then frowned. Apathy was holding a plasma concussion rifle, equipped with a high-tech Covenant silencer.

"Apathy, would you mind telling me what you just did?"

"Of course, _Admiral_." The dramatization of the last word hurt Terrence Hood. "I used this weapon here and disabled your spinal cords, and I also took out your stomach in the process."

Hood felt a surge of pain near the abdomen. His vision was blurring fast, and his mind was clouding, making it hard to think. _He was dying._

"Apathyâ€|" Hood slurred. He was losing his ability to speak.

"Let me fill you in, Mr. Hood. What do you think happens when you die? Hmm?"

"Polâ€|polâ€|aghâ€|" Hood was struggling to control himself.

"It causes political unrest. You are correct, Admiral Hood. What would be the most reasonable thing to do? It's quite obvious. After a top-ranking admiral dies, the public blames the other race. In this case, it's the Covenant."

_The Elites and their followers are no longer part of the Covenant, Apathy! _Hood wanted to cry out, but his mouth wouldn't budge.

Apathy grinned. "You know I didn't kill all those other people just for fun. They all fit the conspiracy, like a chess game. Yeah, either that or a jigsaw puzzle." His eyes glittered.

_You madman! Don't you realize what you have done! You sacrificeâ€|_Part of Hood's brain shut down, preventing him from using words.

Apathy walked to Hood's desk.

"I wonder what the old man is doing every day at his desk."

Apathy picked up Hood's half finished will. He smiled, and then proceeded to pick up the pen on the desk. He clicked it once, and then clicked it again, examining it.

"You know, I always had a talent to forge signatures. It should come in handy soon."

Hood struggled for his M6C pistol hidden beneath the desk. Apathy frowned, as if trying to figure out what Admiral Hood was up to. Then he smiled, activated the plasma concussion rifle, and aimed it at Hood's left arm, which was desperately trying to release the pistol from the straps. Hood stopped moving at once.

"Very clever, Mr. Hood, but not clever enough. I have studied your ways intently the past year, and I know every trick you can hide up your sleeve."

Hood smirked, then jerked the pistol free. He fired it, and blood splattered from Apathy's right arm. Apathy screamed wildly, and fired everywhere. Hood ducked, and activated the security cameras. Apathy was too busy cursing to notice.

Observing Deck, Covenant vessel Divine Enterprise, orbiting Pluto

Ilya 'Emamee peered through the telescope. He observed the ice glaciers that were forming on Pluto's cold surface. He took out a blank datapad and started logging all he could see. Then, 'Emamee carefully turned the telescope around to catch a glimpse of the sun rising from the western hemisphere. The flaming star looked like a little bead, hovering over the vast surface of Pluto. It was hard to believe that hundreds of years ago, Pluto was as small as the Earth Moon. 'Emamee took note of that and logged it in as well.

"Enjoying your little science escapade, scientist?" came a gruff voice behind him.

'Emamee looked up, startled. It was Second Ship Master Soli 'Alumee. He appeared to be amused.

"It's science, yes, but it's fascinating science. Unlike the wars we have fought against the humans ten years ago."

'Alumee winced. He did not like to be reminded of the dark times, the times in which the Prophets had used the Elites to destroy the whole universe. The Elites had sided with the humans in a fragile alliance, defeating the Covenant and sending them scurrying away. But, it was just recently in which the Covenant started to show signs of activity. 'Alumee feared another war was about to erupt. 'Emamee cocked his head to one side, and then resumed studying Pluto through the telescope. 'Alumee scowled and walked off.

"What is that you're studying, Your Excellency?" came a squeaky voice

behind 'Emamee.

'Emamee turned to see a Grunt standing there, head turned sideways in curiosity.

"What are you doing here?" 'Emamee said.

The Grunt looked taken aback, as if the answer was obvious.

"I clean this deck, Your Excellency."

"I see, and you can stop calling me 'Your Excellency'. I am no more than an observer."

"Fine, but what are you looking at?" the Grunt was now trying to get a better glimpse of Pluto.

"It's an ice planet, created billions of years ago." 'Emamee stopped himself just short of saying _by the Forerunners_. He forgot that the Forerunners didn't create planets. Not round ones, anyway.

"Why is it so huge?" the Grunt asked, eyeing the giant ice ball intently.

"I have a theory that the planet surface was cold, because it was far away from the Sun. The water vapor on the planet then froze, forming ice crystals. The ice formation grew larger and larger as the planet revolved slower and slower, thus creating," he gestured, "this."

The Grunt stared.

"You mean, all this started happening billions and billions of years ago?"

"It's only a theory." 'Emamee reassured the little Grunt.

Command Bridge,_ Divine Enterprise_, orbiting Pluto

Ship Master Fula 'Shozamee growled viciously. An Elite vessel approached, ignoring all requests for it to identify itself. 'Shozamee pivoted to his intel officer and snarled,

"Have you found the proper markings yet?"

"Yes, sir. The ship's name is _Indecent Portage_, and the database claims that the vessel disappeared a few days ago without a trace. Ship Master's name is Ikea 'Borlamee."

"Never mind the Ship Master's name." 'Shozamee turned to his communications officer, "Order all personnel to their stations. Prepare for boarding and possible space battle."

The comm officer acknowledged, giving the order to the Elites stationed throughout the ship.

'Shozamee turned his attention to the renegade vessel. The _Indecent Portage_ was now attempting to connect to the _Divine Enterprise_. A

call came in.

"Your Excellency, an unknown ship is appearing to connect to our docking bay via transport tube, should we attack?" a Grunt's voice echoed out of the transmitter.

"Not yet. Stay alert, and if they fire, return fire as you see fit." 'Shozamee paused. "Also, give a description of the occupants."

The Grunt acknowledged and signed off. All they could do now was wait.

Ted Hunts typed on the keyboard frantically, trying to get everything down. He turned to Hal Grinwald.

"Hal, I got an unidentified vessel just outside of Pluto. Very close to us. It just latched onto an Elite cruiser."

Hal Grinwald ran over. He peered over Hunts' shoulder and read the data.

"That's strange." He said, "There's about 100 life signs on board, but they don't register as human, Covenant or Elites."

"I have a bad feeling about this," Hunts replied as he typed an emergency notice to the military.

You may notice I didn't include the two farmers in this chapter. There's a severe thunderstorm here right now as I'm writing this, so I didn't have much time. Please R&R, and who knows, maybe one of your suggestions will be included into this story.

3. A Hero's Return

I was in a rush. Sorry.

Nevada

The Foder pickup truck rumbled through the desert at night, with an unusual lump that was covered in black sitting in the bed. The truck's occupants, two farmers, were smoking and talking at the same time.

"How am I supposed to know where the police are, Bob?" Steve asked.

"I don't know, just drive to Nevada City, they should have a police patrolin' over there."

Steve was outraged. "Nevada City! That's about 100 miles away!" he complained.

Bob shrugged. "What d'ya wanna do with the thing we found? Bring it home and cook it?"

Steve sighed. He shifted gears and drove a bit faster. If they had to go to Nevada City, they'd better do it fast. The Foder accelerated, it's hydro engine pushing in more water pressure. Bob threw away his cigarette and lit another one. He looked out the window.

"Shit. Steve! Steve! You'd better stop the truck. I think those aliens want their machine back."

Steve looked out. He saw three figures calmly moving towards the pickup.

"Ya think we can outrun 'em?" he asked quietly.

"I d'know, but it looks like they mean business."

The pickup screeched to a halt. The three figures walked up to the pickup truck. From the farmers' point of view, the shapes looked like a shadow in three dimensions.

"I believe you have something that belonged to us." A cold, menacing voice quietly stated.

Steve pissed in his pants. He was frightened by the aspect of dying at the hands of a three dimensional shadow.

"Uh, yeah. We have somethin' that, uh, belongs to you. Right? Yeah, we do."

The shadow motioned to the other two figures, and they heaved the covered machine out of the pickup. Bob gulped.

"Thank you for finding our cloaking device for us. We are most pleased." The shadow said, emotionless. He raised a human pistol.

Two shots rang out into the night.

Officer Ted Hunts stared at the hologram.

"_Seventeen days?"_ he echoed.

"Yes, seventeen days. Now, though, it's more like sixteen." The AI replied.

The AI's name was Solopsil. Solopsil was a core AI of ONI, who worked secretly under the nose of Jonathan Apathy. Solopsil was an old AI, same grade as Cortana. Hunts and the Control Room staff rarely got to ask Solopsil anything. Solopsil was like a ghost.

"So, we have seventeen days to prepare for our destruction." Hunts sat cross-legged, eating a hamburger.

"Either that, or find out how powerful the enemy really is."

"Uh-huh." Ted Hunts took a bite and set it down. "Apathy is already preparing for war."

"So is the Admiralty. Did you see the parade of Marines yesterday, going out to war?"

Hunts looked up. " War? With whom?"

"Why, with Apathy, of course."

"What!" Ted Hunts jumped up, astonished. Marines couldn't attack ONI. Earth depended on it.

He frantically rushed towards the emergency exit, just as faint gunfire sounded outside.

Command Bridge,_ Divine Enterprise_, orbiting Pluto

'Shozamee ducked behind a large potted plant. He fired wildly in the direction of his attackers, then rolled away. Just moments ago, about a hundred shadows armed with Covenant weaponry sprawled out of the abandoned Elite vessel, showering the Elites and their allies with plasma. 'Shozamee threw his plasma rifle at a shadow, listening in satisfaction at the following thump. He looked around. The shadows were more disciplined and intelligent than he had previously thought. They were circling them, herding the defenders towards the middle of the room.

"Shoot the ones near the door!" he commanded.

The nearest commandos aimed their carbines at the door and fired. Shadows dropped. 'Shozamee retrieved a pistol from a nearby dead Grunt and started running for the door. Pretty soon, more Elites followed. They dove through the door and landed on the purple surface.

"We have to find the emergency escape vehicle!" he growled.

An Elite Guard stepped up. "Sir, the bridge EEV was jettisoned as soon as those shadows entered the bridge."

"Then we'll have to find a regular EEV." 'Shozamee went up to a wall and clicked his key code into the holo panel. The wall retracted, revealing five carbines. He tossed three to his Elites, and then held two for himself.

"These shadows will soon regret ever invading the stronghold of the Elites. Let's show them what we're really capable of!"

The Elites roared in approval. 'Shozamee then led them down the corridor. As if on cue, nine shadows lept from above. 'Shozamee gave the signal for confrontation, and bashed a carbine into the skull of a shadow. The other Elites fired their weapons. One minute later, it was all over.

"Casualty report." 'Shozamee said.

"We lost three, sir. Five of us are still able to combat." An Elite reported.

"Very well. Find an EEV for yourself, I'll catch up later. There's a matter I need to attend to."

Near the fireplace, a figure was looking at the headlines on the report. He scanned for any Marine casualties, then scanned for Elite casualties. He then flipped to the military page, searching for anything he might have missed. He then got up for a cup of coffee.

The figure sat back down, staring at the news. He longed to get back into combat, but his leg wasn't healed yet. He would have to wait. He took a sip out of his coffee, and sighed. Then, the phone rang.

The figure picked it up, listened, and said, "Damnit, can't you see I'm retired?"

He listened some more, and smiled, "Don't worry. Your 'Last Spartan' will be there."

He then hung up and limped to the bedroom, where his suit of armor was waitingâ€|

Please R&R. Also, feel free to make criticisms, comments, or suggestions. I might listen to a suggestion.

End
file.